Patest News, Piterature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, Home Judustry, &c., &c. Devoted to Politics,

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMEST AT BE THY COUNTRY'S, GOD'S AND TRUTH'S,"

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POETRY.

FAIREST, SWEETEST, DEAREST. BY MRS. OPIE.

Say, by what name can I impart My sense, dear girl, of what thou art? Nay, though to frown thou darest, I'll say thou art of girls the pride, And though the modest lip may chide, Mary ! I'll call thee-fairest.

Yet no-that word can but express The soft and winning leveliness In which the sight thou meetest; But not thy heart-thy temper, too-So good, so sweet-ah! that will do! Mary! I'll call thee-sweetest!

But fairest, sweetest, vain would be To speak the love I feel for thee; Why smil'st thou as theu hearest? "Because," she cried, "one little name Is all I wish from thee to claim-That precious name is-Dearest!"

"OUR DAUGHTERS LEAVE US."

Thus it is our daughters leave us, Those we love and those who love us! Just when they have learned to help us, Comes a youth with flaunting feathers, With his flute of reeds, a stranger Beckens to the fairest maideu, And she follows where he leads her, Leaving all things for the stranger !" [Longfellow.

MISCELLANY.

(CONCLUDED.) [From the Mississippi University Magazine.] ANNIE WOODLEY;

"There is one affection which no stain Of earth can ever darken; when two find-The softer and the manher-that a chain Or kindred taste has fastened mind to mind, 'Tis an attraction from all sense refined, The good can only know it."

The glorious beams of evening's fair un are weaving a tracery around "Rose There is sunshine gleaming brough the trellis-work of the latticed orch, and there is sunshine peeping beween the clustering roses and vines that curtain the window of Annie Woodley's oudoir. This light, so soft and flickering, reflected the trembling foliage, and ay in a rich shadow of network on the floor; then the golden tracery rested ovingly upon the rich raven tresses which

fell over the shoulders of the young girl, as leaning her arm on the window sill, she bent her head lower and lower, till then deemed of deep, pure friendship, her hair mingled with the flowers and green leaves which clustered thickly around. Ever and anon a tiny hand a guitar that is lying beside her. Her side him. "Oh, Annie, this sting is so make Nellie Douglass my heiress." thoughts are far away, and she knows deep. Him I trusted so implicitly, thus naught that is passing around her. She that lofty beauty which suffering brings. Attired in a simple dress of white, and her full figure free from the artificial reher full figure free from the artificial restraints imposed on the devotees of fashion, with no ornaments save a necklace chastened beauty than she had ever done in those days when joy danced through Valley," 'twill be to bear its fairest flowof pearl, she appeared far lovelier in her the rosy hours, and life to her was made er to my city home." He pressed her so beautiful by his dear smile. The young girl's heart was engulphed in a sea of bitter dreams, and a moan of unutterable anguish escaped her lips. A of his feelings. shadow darkened the vine-wreathed casement, and "Annie," murmured low and tremulously by a voice whose music she drank in too eagerly, fell upon her ear. Looking up, she saw Frank Linwood before her. With an eager cry of joy, she fore her. With an eager cry of joy, she sprang forward with extended hands to meet him; then stopping suddenly, she meet him; then stopping suddenly, she dark confusion, and said darkness."

White a leave to be like a lamp, and illumines the pathway.

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness." hastily bowed in deep confusion, and said

in a strangely altered voice: "Good evening, Mr. Linwood; walk in." "No, here I will stay until I know my doom, he replied in a tone of mourning two diety, ere she received a summons tenderness. "You are my own Annie from her father to attend him in the ligratitude. With a fervent "God bless like daggers in the heart of his chagrined brary. He had just returned from M—. still. Your action revealed it. Why brary. He had just returned from Mdid you pause so suddenly? Is not your With a strange forboding at her heart, home still here?" said he, seating him-self beside her, and drawing her head saw her father seated beside a table, upon his bosom. "Explain, I entreat seemingly engrossed in deep thought, for you, the meaning of that cruel note."

" I thought my words were sufficiently elucidative," replied she, coldly, with-drawing the hand which he still clasped. seat. When she looked upon his face, she was alarmed. It seemed as if a wave of ag-

heaven of pure thoughts. In the boy's rubbing his hauds complacently. enthusiatic imagination, you were enshrined an idol, but as manhood's deep life and wild struggles opened before me, bave told you my affections were pre-enthat star was the harbinger of a brighter | gaged ?" Oh, God! how I have loved! Annie, can you doubt me ?"

The mystic treasures of woman's heart shone in the clear depths of her eye as she met his soul-speaking gaze. She now knew he was not false, and placing her hand confidingly in his, she murmured : " My love, my life are yours."

"Then you do love me, my Annie," he cried, rapturously folding her to his heart. "Love me, even as I have loved."

"No word was spoken, all was feeling— The silent transport of the heart,"

but he knew his answer from the smile was time ever marked by happy hearts? Words of endearment, vows of unchangeable devotion were repeated o'er and

"I heard you loved Elfie Lawrence, Frank, and wished to marry her," replied | and defics my power to crush it." she, blushing deeply.

"Loved Fifie Lawrence! Why, Annie, could you believe it? Love her! yes. I do, as a dear, dear sister, for such striving to appear calm. she is to me. And for this you doubted

tis a man, he shall rue it."

revenge the injury, for you would endan- longer.' ger your own life," said she, tremulously. "Will you promise T"

After a slight pause Frank answered,

tween Stanley and herself, only omitting cast the happiness of this life away, even neath him, and his weary eyes would tother, fur all the world like a turkey on his confession of love, which womanly delicacy prompted her to conceal. Frank eternal happiness is with God. No, fa-Linwood's brow grew balefully dark in ther, I cannot make the sacrifice you stand and watch the progress of the spite of his new transition to happiness. wish." Her lips were bloodless, her limbs night, and at once desired and dreaded no my naim) "as you hold by the hand, He compared Annie's artless recital with quivering, and her eyes were filled with the return of the morning. Morning to be yore lawful husband, too nus him Stanley's words to himself-words he and felt convinced of his perfidy.

"He loves her himself, and seeks to he did not breathe it to her who sat beperfidious to me and my hopes! Thoughts ing her arms around his neck, and clingdays a recreant to honor, to say nothing all your vast wealth, but still let your myself, dearest-fear not. Let bim laugh who wins," he added, gaily, "and I hope into his, revived the memory of his youth, to make the old woods ring with many in time for the cars. His exultant heart will not doom me to misery, will you, in the wrong place or it would not have of the boys ses, "Peter won't you go was only elate with happiness, and no dear papa?" murmured she in a tone foreshadowing cloud dimmed the serenity trembling with mingled hope and doubt.

CHAPTER V. Fathers their children and themselves abuse, That wealth, a husband for their daughters cho

Whither my heart is gone, there follows my hand, an

The sunlight of happiness had not gone she advanced close beside him before he perceived her entrance. Without reply-

ly, "I have sent for you to talk over an important matter. You are now eighony had passed over it, and the rigidly compressed lips told how fearful was the struggle in that proud heart.

This was almost unendurable. This and the rigidly upon the arm of the proud husband. Stanley heard with astonishment band. Stanley heard with a stanley he straggle in that proud heart.

"Do you doubt me, Annie?" at length burst passionately from his lips. "If you could only see " neart!—

"It was may core on; It was may

"But, father," said Annie, approaching closer, "have you forgotten that I

were cured before this. But marry Julian De Forrest you must." "Marry him, father! why, I detest him.

I would be casting happiness from me, even if I did not love another." " Learn to love him," said Col. Wood-

ley, with a determined air. "Father, I love Frank Linwood."-The face of the maiden grew very pale, and her hand was tightly clasped upon her heart, to still its wild tremblings.

"Well, what do you know of him, that you love him so well as to brave my authority ?" he asked, sneeringly.

"I know him to be noble and good,

devoted to you."

"Yes, rich and without a soul! What the villian and have him sent to jail." wealth do I prize, save the untold wealth

*This enthusiasm is unnatural; you

you, and I have given unqualified con- over his useless struggles, and began to mity skeered, but tride my level best to He was a resistless pleader, so she re- sent, and I will not retract. You mar- look around. All was silence and repose. plied-"You must first promise not to ry him, or I consider you my child no Good men were asleep comfortably in

hand to him, and my heart irrevocably night, his hand in constant pain from the another's. I promise to renounce Frank, pressure of the clamp which held it .-"Your friend, Archie Stanley." She and live only for you; but do not bid me His tired limbs, compelled to sustain his ontil deth dus yu part," "I'll doe my then recounted all that had passed be- take unhallowed vows. I am willing to weary body, would fain have sunk beburning tears of agony. "Relent, fath- came at last, and the Quaker looked out an too help him, an too onner an obay er," she whispered through her clenched of his window and found that he had him, tell deth dus yu part."

"Never!" he exclaimed fiercely, "and estrange us," was his secret thought, but unless you do as I bid you, this is your home no longer; I disinherit you and

"Then, dear father," she cried, throwlittle Annie have her home in your heart." his prisoner.

The stern man was touched. The brown eyes that looked so beseechingly when he had lived in the light of such soft beams, and drawing the resistless pleader to his bosom, he wept. Tears of hope glistened in Annie's eye as she saw

"No, no, my heroic child," said he, kissing the upturned brow tenderly; "keep true to your early love. I freely acknowledge that I am wrong; I placed Frank Linwood is a man of fine qualities, with his own thoughts. Truly,

"A father's heart Is tender, tho' the man be made of stone." Part Commence

A few months later, a party was gathered in the city of M—. The parlors were already filled, when Mr. and Mrs.

you, Annie, when your sweet face did not He is young, highly connected, and rich. grace of the young stranger, and above stripes and imprisonment. The Quaker cum off an happenin to look roun, I you, Annie, when your sweet face did not shine in my soul, the brightest star in its have a desirable match," said he, all the artlessness and warmth of her nature, won her many friends, and in the yield. ture, won her many friends, and in the yield. circles of fashion the beautiful Mrs. Lin-wood was the theme of every tongue, farmer, as he helped the victim to shoul-body's bizness, so I shant tell any more. and many an exquisite twirled his mous- der the bag, "If thee needs any more tache and declared: "Pon honor, Lin- corn, come in the day time and thee day. Its light is dimmed, a cold, dewy night of hopeless misery settles around. That was childish romance, of which you conveniently found that his lungs were with that was childish romance, of which you affected by the climate, and left for a that guilty man turn from the dwelling of more Southern State. Upon the hearts the plous Quaker. Everybody is ready thing as Aunt Jane ses, a great institu-of Frank and Annie Linwood time has to say that he never again troubled the shion, (how she noes I can't tell, fur she cast no blight; the love that once tri-umphed over opposing forces, still burns as brightly and as beautifully on the altar of their hearts, as on the day the wily and died an honest man. Cupid gained his victory.

THE QUAKER'S CORN CRIB.

A man had been in the habit of stealing corn from his neighbor, who was a fire." Others would have said, "Catch a bin put off.

'caught his man."

sent the man away embittered, and mut- that it dun em good, frum the way they

came in speaking distance, "how does laffin an I feel mity mean. thee do ?"

burst into tears.

"O fie!" said the Quaker, as he pro ceeded to release him. "I am sorry that evry boddy else dun thar best. that his feelings were moved. "You thee has got thy hand fast. Thee put it been so."

The man looked crestfallen, and begged forgiveness, hastily turning to make or whar to go. Arter they all left, thar his retreat. "Stay," said his persecutor, for he was now becoming such to the the door an ses, offender, who could have received a blow an undue value on wealth, and forgot with much better grace than the kind you." your happiness. You have stood the test words which were falling from the Quakbravely, my darling, and deserve an eter- er's lips; "stay, friend, thy bag is not nity of happiness. You have been a true filled. Thee needs corn or thee would daughter, and will make a true wife .- not have taken so much pains to get it. Come, let us fill it." (And the poor feland I hope well worthy of my priceless low was obliged to stand and hold the joy receded from the heart of Annie Woodley, ere she received a summons The pure, pale face, so beautiful in its ing the exercise with the pleasantest conthwarted.

> were already filled, when Mr. and Mrs. once more his apologies and thanks.—
> Linwood were announced. All eyes were "Stay, Ruth has breakfast ere this; thee like, as I found out) an the candle a must not think of going without breakmust not think of going without breakfront Come Ruth is calling."
>
> I stood sum time lookin mity foolish,

With what shame and remorse did

How Sal an me got Marrid.

BY PETER SPORUM, ESQ.

Well, at last the nite cum, that orful Quaker. Every night he would go softly nite as was to fetch me intoo a new state to the crib and fill his bag with the ears uv bein, an it foun me in a dredful fix, which the good old Quaker's toil had fust I felt good, then bad, fust proud, and Kiver up, Stranger, 'till the Gale Undress. her mouth. The whirlwind of dspair had and I love him. I know him for my soul placed there. Every morning the old skeered like five hundred-I went over only swept around them, to prove how companion, and I worship him." Her gentleman observed a diminution of his the mornin afore the eventful nite to see bravely true was human love; but Hope's eye brightened, and her face glowed with pure sunlight again danced in the soul's enthusiasm. "But young De Forrest is rich," urg- one would have said: "Take a gun, as fur me I was in a hurry wun minit, an ness. Hours passed on untold. When ed the father, "and I am sure is quite conceal yourself, wait till he comes and the next, felt like I'd rather a little it had

After supper I washed, then I put on But the Quaker was not prepared to the cleanest sort uv a shirt that Aunt again, and the hour of parting drew near, of the heart, which never changes! Oh, enter into any such severe measures .- Jane had fixed up mity nice and smooth, father," continued she, looking in his face He wanted to punish the offender, and at then I drawed about as nice a set uv preparing to leave, "will you not tell me with a beseeching earnestness, "ask me the same time bring about his reforma- Sundy Harness as you ever seed, an arwhat caused you to write me that horri-ble letter?"

not to change my love. Alas, I cannot tion, if passible. So he fixed a sort of ter mam and Aunt Jane had primped up trap close to the hole, through which the in sunshine; no, 'tis a child of tempests, man would thrust his arm in getting the reddy, so off I puts to Sal's dad's an I reckin I dun about as much thinkin a The wicked neighbor proceeded on his goin over thar as was ever dun by enny will be more reasonable when you re- unboly errand at the hour of midnight uther feller in the same time. At last I flect," said Col. Woodley, rising and with bag in hand. Unsuspectingly he arriv, an was marched in too whar Sal thrust his hand into the crib to seize an was-she sorter blushed, and then sot "Never!" replied she with fervency. ear, when lo! he found himself unable her head on one side an looked about as "I have told you my true feelings, and to withdraw it! In vain he tugged, and sweet as enny flour you ever seed. I

keep a stiff upper lip. Well we tuk our places, Sal a hangin on too my arm an their beds, while he was compelled to me a lookin at the flore. Then the Pas-"Oh, father, unsay those cruel words; keep a dreary, disgraceful watch through son ses he: "Du take the woman" (he I cannot go to the altar and give my the remainder of that long and tedious mite sed yung lady) " as you hold by the hand to be youre lawful wife too help her and too keep her, to luv her an to nus her, best" ses I, (standin fust on wun leg an

Then he looked at Sal ses he, "Du yu take this man" (like he did'nt

"Yes sir," ses Sal-Then ses he, " What was to be done? Some would pronouce you both man an wife, salute say, "Go out and give him a good cowhiding just as he stands, and then release give her about as harty a buss as you him; that'll cure him." But not so, said ever heerd then the fellers all cum around the Quaker. Such a course would have an kissed Sal #ke blazes, you could see ing close to him, as if she feared he would tering curses of revenge. The good old pitched in-I thought Sal orter a stopped days. Her countenance now partakes of pain I feel in finding my friend of other leave her, "give dear, deserving Nellie man hurried on his clothes, and started it but she never sed a word; as fur me, I kissin a nigger gal as was a fetcheen in "Good morning, friend," said he, as he sum water, when every boddy begins to

Arter a while the kissin an foolin was The poor culprit made no answer, but all over, an we all piched in too the goodies, an ef ever I saw sweetins fly, it was then, I et tell I like too a poped, an

About ten o'clock they all left an sum lin uv me tell I hardly noed what to doo

"Mass Peter, miss Sal's a watin for

"Whar is she?" ses I.

"She's in her room " ses she-"Well, tell her to come down" ses ! I'm reddy to go whar she wants." "But" ses "she's in bed."

"Oh yes" ses I, I forgot, but ses I

its erly yet, aint it." She seed I was skeered, an begin a sniggerin, tell I picked up my hat, an follered her, tell she cum to a dore; an you, father," she left him to commune and mortified victim.) The bag was ses "That's yore room." My hart filled, the string tied, and the sufferer jumped up to my throat, as I nocked at hoped soon to be out of the presence of the dore, but nobody answered, I nocked his tormentor, but again his purpose was agin : an then a gittin desprit, I opened Captain, "when I was in the west huntit, an jee-whilkins, the cold chills run over "Stay," said the Quaker, as the man me tell I felt like somebody was a pullin through and through with 6 ounce balls, as about to hurry off, having muttered a cedar bush up an down my back—yet it ran off. We tracked it by the was about to hurry off, having muttered a cedar bush up an down my back-

This was almost unendurable. This an then put my hat on a cheer-next I

To no hour can I turn, since I first saw see you the wife of Julian De Forrest .- left the gay scene. The beauty and ishment ten times more severe than tugged an jerked but they would'nt night

Well, I've tride marryin sum time, an must say that arter a feller gits use too it it aint a bad thing, in fact I folosofise as

follers--: Marryin is a good thing, it is a great 'pear so')—Ar you young, it'll make you old—In fact it is sooted to evry and ennybody. It's a ten rale fence that sosiety has built up too keep fokes inside the bounds uv good behavior, an the I've had my ups an downs in it, an no all about it, still I say Hooray for marry.

There is a spot in the south-western part of this State, known as the Fiery Fork of Honey Run—a delicious locality, no doubt, as the run of honey is accompanied by a corresponding flow of milk and a mixture of milk and honey, or at any rate, honey and "peach" is the evi-dence of sublunary contentment every

place they have preaching.
"Honey Run" is further characterized by the presence of an extremely hospitable family, whose mansion, comprising one apartment-neither more nor lessis renowned for never having been shut against travelers, and so our friend found it during the chill morning air, at the expense of a rheumatism in his shoulderits numerous unaffected cracks and spaces clearly showing that dropping the latch was a useless formality. The venerable host and hostess in their own apartment, usually enjoyed the society of two sons, "I have told you my true feelings, and they are as unchangeable as love and they are as unchangeable as love and blame me."

"Tell me the name of the fiend who with perfect the falsehood in your ear. If whispered the falsehood in your ear. If which raw it! In value houghed, and streately cried and cursed. His band was fast and every effort to release it only malle it the more cum an in we marched what that was about as putty a creetur. I ever lade my ise on.

Direckly Sal's sister ses, the passon's cum an in we marched what that was about fifty fokes, an I felt mity bad an while the tunnult in his about fifty fokes, an I felt mity bad an mity skeered, but tride my level best to the wife of Julian De Forrest. of ham and eggs, and a canvass at the fiery Fork-the old lady having pointed out his bed-felt very weary, and only looked for an opportunity to "turn in, though the mosquitoes were trumpeting all sorts of wrath, and no net appeared to bar them. The dogs flung themselves along the floor, or again rose restlessly. and sought the door step; the "niggers' stuck their feet into the yet warm ashes; the old man stripped unscrupulously, and sought his share of the one collapsed looking pillow, the sons cavalierly followed his example, leaving the old woman, "gals" and "stranger," to settle any question of delicacy that might arise.

The candidate yawned, looked at the bed, went to the door, looked at the daughters; finally in downright recklessness seated himself upon "the downy,' and pulled off his coat. Well, he pulled off his coat, and he folded his coat, and then he yawned, and then he whistled, and then he called the old lady's attention to the fact that it would never do for him to sleep in his muddy trousers; and then he undid his vest, and then he whistled again, and then, suddenly, an idea of her lodger's possible embarrass-ment seemed to flash on the old woman, and she cried:

"Gals, jest turn your backs round till stranger gits into bed."

The backs were turned, and the stranger did get into bed in "less than no-

time," when the hostess again spoke:
"Reckon, stranger, as you ain't used to us, you'd better kiver up till the gals undress, hadn't you?"

By this time our friend's sleepy fit was over, and though he did "kiver up" as desired, somehow or other the old counterpane was equally kind in hiding his blushes and favoring his sly glances. The nymphs soon stowed away, for there were neither bustles to unhitch nor corsets to unlace, when their mamma, evidently anxious not to smother their guest, considerably relieved him by saying ;

"You can unkiver now, stranger; I'm married folks, and you ain't afeard of me, I reckon!"

Nobody could beat Jake Some telling big stories. However, one day when Captain Buncombe saw him in a large crowd he thus tempted Jake, thinking he could overreach it, " One time," says the ing buffalo, some of the hunters shot one streams of blood till we came to a large poplar. Seeing blood, we looked up and saw him in the top of it eating grapes!"

Jake did not at all seem disconcerted and composedly remarked : "Buffalo